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WHOLE NUMBER 415.

Distances for Grapes.

The strong-growing American grape

vine must have ample space to grow.

They may be restricted for a few years

and bear moderate crops, but when

they are older they should have a full

chance to grow out their long arms.

The late Wm. A. Underhill, of Cro-

ton Point, New York, showed us a

part of his twenty-year Isabella vine-

yard where he had allowed the vines

to extend over a roadway, giving

them some sixteen feet more. The

improvement in the crop was striking.

Mr. A. Hood, of Ontario, planted

Concord six feet apart each way.

They bore little fruit. The spring of

the seventh year he took out every

alternate vine, and then had a fine

crop. He tried a similar experiment

on a large Catawba vineyard planted

eight feet apart; the result was a great

ly increased quantity of grapes. He

also stated that Concord vines, cover-

ing twenty-four to twenty-eight feet

trellis, carried by actual measurement

more grapes than any adjoining vines

twelve feet apart and occupying the

same extent of trellis. An experi-

enced grape-grower has just stated to

us that he had planted his vines

twelve feet apart, and had grafted

every alternate vine with another

sort. The grafts failed to grow, and

the old vines, being thus thinned to

one-half in number, gave a much bet-

ter crop than the whole did before.

We might cite many other cases—all

showing the importance of giving am-

ple space to strong growers. And

one other precaution should always be

observed—never to allow the vines to

overbear; thin out the numerous

bunches. We do not now hear vine-

yardists as formerly, boast of the

many tons of grapes they have raised

to an acre, as they have learned that

the fruit is better, and the vines less

exhausted, when the thinning has

been properly done. [Country Gen-

tleman.

How Nitro-Glycerine is Made.

This wonderful explosive was dis-

covered in 1847, by an Italian named

Soboro, but its practical application

was made by Alfred, a Swedish en-

gineer. The process by which it is

made is thus described: Every one

knows what glycerine is—a clear, syr-

upy liquid, sweet to the taste, and

somewhat greasy to the touch. Its

scope for employment ranges from the

surgeon's dispensary to the lady's bon-

net. Chemists term it trinitric alco-

hol, and it may be derived from fat or

tallow by action of lime and sulphur-

ic acid. Its properties are many and

various, but as they have no bearing

upon the present subject we shall ab-

stain from noticing them. If a quan-

tity of nitric acid be added to twice

its weight of sulphuric acid, glycerine

be poured into this, and stirred care-

fully, the whole being surrounded by

freezing mixture, we obtain that won-

derful substance known as nitro-gly-

cerine, which has more than ten times

the explosive force of gun-powder. It

forms on the surface as an oil of pale

yellow color, is perfectly odorless,

and has a sweet, aromatic taste. It

is poisonous whether taken internally

or absorbed through the skin, and

small doses produce distressing head-

aches. It does not explode when

brought into contact with fire, and re-

mains unchanged even when brought

to a temperature of boiling water; but

at forty degrees Fahrenheit it becomes

converted into an icy mass, which

merely requires friction to develop all

its explosive qualities. [Boston Jour-

nal of Commerce.

A mesmerist at Hartford found a

crowd of hotel loafers making fun of

him and his show-bills, and offered to

give a free exhibition of his skill.

He bet one of the party that he could

so place him under mesmeric influ-

ence that with his finger on his nose,

he could not leave the room without

taking his finger down. The other

man took the bet. The mesmerist

made him shut his eyes, made a few

passes about him, put the victim's

arm around an iron post, and made

the hand grasp the nose of the man.

Then, with a few more mystic passes,

he told him to open his eyes. The

crowd awarded the bet to the mesme-

rist, and the other fellow was induced

by the force of circumstances to pay

up.

They are building a house of ice in

the Zoological Garden of Moscow.

Our readers will remember that an ice

palace was erected at St. Petersburg

in the Winter of 1840, during the

reign of the Empress Anne, between

the Admiralty and the Winter Pal-

ace. Walls, roofs, window panes,

furniture and ornaments were all of

ice. Huge cubes of ice were cut and

watered so that the structure was per-

fectly solid. The center pillars were

of ice, imitating green marble. Stat-

ues, clocks, tables, chairs and beds

were all of the same material. The

imperial receptions there were brilli-

ant but rather chilly.

What Recited Him.

"They want you to come around

the corner to shave a man that has

gone dead," whimpered a little boy as

he opened the door of the barber's shop

and showed the half of a very smutty

face, with one sinful eye in it. The

barber lathered the deceased, and

then fell to shaving and dreaming—

dreaming that he had been awarded

the professorship in the tonsorial

chair in some celebrated college, and

forgetting that the man was dead, and

not in a mood just then to talk, re-

marked: "Remarkable Winter weath-

er this. Does the razor hurt you,

sir?" and continued shaving, when

suddenly the dead man raised himself

up in bed and exclaimed, "Ha, ha,

ha—that voice—the only thing that

could arouse me from this stupor that

resembles death, because it was that

voice threw me into the trance—ha,

ha, ha! Oh, how I have waited to

hear that voice again! For three

days I have been on this bed; I could

hear people come and go, and the day

go down under the hills, and the

nights come hurrying up with their

trains of stars, and every instant I

listened for the only voice that could

save me from the trance of this trance

monster. Four days ago—it seems

ages—I was shaved in your shop. I

ventured to remark that it was a fine

morning, at which you commenced to

talk and continued talking. I stagg-

ered home in a daze and fell asleep.

Now, barber, go on shaving, but don't

speak unless you want to throw me

back into the old trance and lose me

forever." The barber tied a towel

around his mouth, shaved his custom-

er, and tipped back to his shop, con-

trite in spirit and a reformed man.

The Indian and the Telephone.

An amusing application of the

wonders of the telephone as an as-

sistant detective of crime comes to us

from Julian. Several horses were re-

cently stolen in that neighborhood,

and suspicion fell upon a certain In-

dian as the thief. Some one having

introduced a telephone up there, the

same was being exhibited, when it oc-

curred to the owner of

JOHN E. POINDEXTER, who killed a shoe clerk at Richmond, Va., because, as she alleged, he admired his (P.'s) sweetheart's foot and squeezed her arm when helping her into a carriage, and who was sent to the Penitentiary for two years for it, has at last been put in that institution, but not until he was taken to the home of the woman for whom he ruined himself and united to her in marriage. The partially shown prisoner for the jailer and others is a disgrace to Virginia. He was not kept in a cell but given private apartments and allowed the full privileges of the grounds of the jail. A criminal, he never so highly connected, should be treated as a criminal, and the law should be no respecter of persons, for when it is the pretended punishment becomes a farce. A sentimental member of the Legislature even went so far as to offer a bill to exempt Poindexter from wearing the striped clothes while in the Penitentiary, but no action was taken. Poindexter's crime was a cold-blooded murder, and might well have been atoned for on the gallows.

Thus bill before the Legislature to employ convict labor in the improvement of Kentucky river, is by far the wisest policy that can be brought to bear on the Penitentiary question. A branch institution built now, when there is a deficiency of \$600,000 to meet, would be a heavy tax on the State when it could be obviated by the passage of the bill, and instead of a dead loss, our undeveloped region could be made to deliver up its vast supply of iron, coal and other minerals which would benefit the State incalculably. Then it would give immediate relief to the crowded cells of the penitentiary, and the convicts could breathe the pure air of the mountains in health and usefulness. Let the bill pass, and then let the Legislature leave for home and go to work.

The Legislative Democratic caucus nominated S. I. M. Major of the Frankfort Yeoman, for Public Printer, on Tuesday night, and he will be formally elected on the 25th. The nomination was made on the third ballot, none of his competitors showing much strength save Keller, who received 43 to Major's 57. We are glad of Mr. Major's triumph. He is a tried and true Democrat, and represents a firm composed of genuine gentlemen, each of whom possesses the regard of the whole people. That the Yeoman office would do the work, no matter who was elected, was generally conceded, and we congratulate Mr. Major that he will have no bonus of \$5,000 to pay this time.

The Somerset Reporter is playing an unfair hand in its efforts to further the interests of Mr. Stone for Commonwealth's Attorney. A correspondent from Hustonville to the Danville Tribune, a Republican paper, writes that Mr. Stone will carry the West End of Lincoln regardless of county pride, which is a most reckless assertion, and straightway the Reporter copies it and to give it more force, credits it to the Advocate, a Democratic paper. We do not object to anything good that may be said for Mr. Stone, unless it be said at the expense of Mr. Warren, and we insist that our esteemed contemporary play fair or get out of the game.

The L. & N. R. R. has made arrangements with the Georgia and Georgia Central R. R., whereby they are to run for five years in her interest. This gives the Louisville and Nashville control of every port, except Brunswick, on the Atlantic or the Gulf between New Orleans and Wilmington, and through lines from Chicago, St. Louis and Louisville to the Gulf and ocean, and is the grand climax of that road's many achievements.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL HARDIN'S bill, which is to prevent the granting of appeals in criminal cases on mere technicalities, unless the Court, after a careful consideration of the whole case, is satisfied that the material rights of the prisoner are prejudiced, has passed both Houses and will become a law when Blackburn signs it. It will put an end to the great number of reversals and save thousands of dollars annually to the State.

We are partially consoled now that Judge Lindsay, our favorite for Governor, did not get the nomination. A lawyer who cannot interrogate a witness without beginning each question with, "Well, I'll ask you," isn't a great deal more fit for Governor than the present incumbent.

GENL. WALKER, Superintendent of the Census, says that the appointment of enumerators must be non-partisan and without regard to sex or previous condition. This will give the women a chance.

The Green-Harris evidence continues to fill the Courier-Journal to the exclusion of more interesting matter.

—Ex-Secretary Borie, who died last week, left Gen. Grant a legacy of \$10,000, and advised him not to be a candidate for a third term.

Notes on a Southern Tour.

My letter to New Orleans was written on the eve of the grand Mardi Gras carnival, and that day of all days its devotees opened brightly and beautifully. It would be for me to attempt a description of the display and parade, so I will content myself by saying it was magnificent in its splendor, wonderful in its conception and supremely ludicrous in its presentation. But the fifty thousand strangers looked on with admiration, evidently under the impression that "a little *faisle* now and then is relished by the sober men." It is said that the exhibition cost \$137,500, but New Orleans can afford it. Her visitors left at least a million of dollars in her coffers, some estimate two millions.

Among the many places of interest that I visited while in the city, was the French Market, which is one of the most extensive and comprehensive anywhere. The salespeople are almost entirely foreigners, with here and there an Indian squaw retelling Gumbo at five cents for a small measure full. There are a great many coffee stands in the market, where a pretty fair meal, including an extra strong cup of coffee, can be had for ten cents. The market now is supplied with all the fruits and vegetables that will ripen here in June, which are sold at comparatively low figures, nice red strawberries bringing but fifty cents a quart.

The levee at New Orleans presents an animated appearance, and thousands of men are engaged in unloading and re-shipping cotton, sugar, molasses, &c. A Mississippi River steamer came in, a day or two ago, having 8,364 bales of cotton, weighing 390 to the bale, on her, and the nearly all the bales are loaded on the levee with it. After being compressed this cotton is packed in the holes of the ship here and sent to England and other ports.

As all the region round about New Orleans seems to be held up from a vast gulf by a few feet of earth, it is almost impossible to dig a grave, therefore vaults, made for the most part of brick on top of the ground, are prepared for the final resting place of the human bodies of that section. Some of the vaults, owned by the wealthy, are built at a tremendous cost, are models of mechanical skill and give the city the appearance of magnificent grandeur.

The Legislature was in session as I dropped into the old-time looking Capitol and saw the motley crowd of work, or at least in session. There were Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Irishmen and a dozen or more "niggers" in the bodies, but they seem to get along together in a smooth and pleasant manner, and looked as happy and contented as the average law maker who gets a good *per diem*, and draws mileage as he travels on free tickets.

While I was returning through Mississippi, I fell into conversation with a literary looking gentleman, who proved to be Mr. J. C. Derby of the firm of Appleton & Co., the great New York publishers. He informed me that he was writing Hon. Jefferson Davis' memoirs of the late war, and was then en route to that gentleman's residence to remain a week or two. He further said that Mr. Davis was to meet him at the depot, and if I wished to look upon the President of the late lamented Southern Confederacy, that an opportunity would be afforded me. I was glad enough of it, and when the train pulled up at Beauvoir, I was in readiness to be introduced to him. He received me in a most cordial manner, but the usual greetings were hardly said before the engineer's bell warned us to get aboard. The old gentleman has changed greatly since I used to see him during the war, at Richmond, Va. Then the tide of affairs seemed running in his favor, now in the sunset of his chequered career, when he would fain prepare "to pleasant dreams," the hell-hounds of the Northern press continue to pursue him with a death-like vengeance, never letting an opportunity slip to vilify and abuse him. His form is bent, his step is slow and uncertain, and as he moves about, leaning on his long staff, it is easy to see that he will not remain much longer on earth to afford his traducers a subject on which to vent their spleen. He is at present living on the fine plantation bequeathed him by Miss Dorsey, and his entire family consists of his wife and a nephew.

At Mobile, Ala., I took a steamer down the beautiful bay on which that city is situated, and after a voyage of fifteen hours, into the Gulf of Mexico and round up Pensacola Bay, I was landed at Pensacola, Fla. This city possesses by far the finest harbor on the Gulf, and is destined, before many years, to become one of the most important shipping points in the South. Now the imports are few and the exports mostly confined to lumber, but as the railroad which runs is to form a part of the Louisville & Nashville & G. S. R. R., with a direct connection with the many important points to the Lakes, its advantages are at last to be utilized. Even at present Pensacola is the liveliest place of the size we know of. Ships from all parts of the world were loading with the excellent yellow pine lumber, which is so plentiful in Alabama and Florida, and which has heretofore been hardly worth the cutting. The large ships from Norway, Italy, Greece, Spain and many other ports, that come for this lumber, bring nothing, and are forced to "load themselves down" with sand and stone ballast, for which they have to pay 45 cents per ton to have it unloaded. I saw one ship from Scotland ballasted with a fine lot of excellent steam coal, which was being disposed of at 90 cents a ton. Think of that, ye who paid 25 cents a bushel not long ago. The sailors of the many ships were a show in themselves, representing, as they did, so many Nations. I was curious to know what amount of money induced these weather-beaten sons of toil to entrust their lives to the innumerable dangers of the deep, and was informed that Italian sailors are glad to get 25 cents a day, English \$2 10s per month, and American \$20 to \$25, board of course included.

Before this time of the year all of the sweet oranges have been gathered, but large groves of what are called south orange trees are laden with the fruit, both in Louisiana and Florida. I was in one of these groves in the latter State, while the thermometer was at 80° and a gentle breeze blew from the Gulf, and I could imagine no place more like it is said that the Garden of Eden was, before Eve got old man Adam into that trouble. These orange groves are as good as the most of those sold here, and eat very well until you have tried one of the best sweet ones, which retail there at three for a nickel.

The Pensacola Railroad runs out on a wharf a half mile into the Bay, and cars can be unloaded to the largest ship anchored by it with the smallest expense, and the L. & N. R. R. managers showed their wisdom in securing it. The late owner, Mr. D. F. Sullivan, is a gentleman of fine business capacity, and has operated his road to the best advantage, considering the disadvantages of not possessing interest in connecting lines. He will turn over the road to its new managers in the best of conditions.

Just below Pensacola is the noted Fort Pickens, and anchored out in the bay was the old iron-clad man-of-war, Monitor. It is a grim looking monster, and in these trying times of peace, it has forgotten the arts of war, and is now doing service in the quarantine business.

Owing to an accident to the engine, our train was detained at Nashville, Tenn., a day, which gave me a good chance to examine that city. It was the day after the great storm, and the streets in many places were blocked by tin roofs and other debris, hurled into them by the wind. The damage to property was very great, and two churches were nearly demolished. The Cumberland River was on a high, and the lower part of the city was inundated to such an extent that steamboats ran along some of the streets. Nashville is a handsome city, and since its suburb, Edgewood, has been annexed to it, boasts of 60,000 inhabitants. The Capital building is one of the largest and finest anywhere, and is an interesting resort for all visitors. The library is a large one, and the room contains a great number of oil paintings of the noted men of that and other States. Like Kentucky, Tennessee has a female librarian, Mrs. Patton, widow of the Confederate officer, General Patton, is the present incumbent, and with her charming daughter presides over the institution with easy grace.

PERSONAL.—On my way South I had as traveling companions, for a portion of the way, Mr. Wm. M. Fields, of Danville, and his handsome daughter, Miss Carrie, who greatly relieved the dull hours by her interesting conversation. Returning I took our countryman, Mr. Lewis Dindress, in charge and kept him square in the path of rectitude. W. P. W.

LEGISLATIVE DOINGS.

—Mr. Gooch's ten per cent. bill got set down upon.

—The House and Senate bills now pending number over 700.

—Senator Bruce has presented a bill to incorporate the Carpenter & Hustonville Turnpike Co.

—The State will save \$12,000 per year by the repeal of the seal law, which has been effected.

—Our handsome Senator, J. H. Bruce, presided over the Senate, with marked dignity and ability, during the absence of Gov. Cantrill this week.

—The Senate has passed a bill to pay Commonwealth's witnesses before Grand Juries will, however, continue to get pay.

—A bill to incorporate the town of McKinny, and to provide for the funding of the bonded debt of Lincoln county at a lower rate of interest, has passed the House.

—House bill to amend the General Statutes as to exempt the wages of laboring men to the amount of \$50 from attachment for debts of all kinds, has passed the House.

—The Governor has signed the bill passed by both Houses of the Legislature, and it is the law now that Petit Jurors shall get but \$1.50 per day, and Grand Jurymen \$1.25.

—A bill requiring Sheriffs to make returns on processes in ink has passed the Senate. A good idea, since many of the pencil returns are liable to be erased and false one made.

—The Senate has passed a bill requiring each county to provide for its own pauper idiots. The State has had to pay as much as \$2,000 per year for the idiots of a single county.

—The bill to abolish the Common Pleas Court in Lincoln, Boyle, Garrard, &c., has passed both Houses, and only needs the Governor's signature to become a law. It takes effect September 1st.

—As three-fourths of the regular session of the Legislature has passed and nothing of importance been accomplished, the House is getting alarmed and will commence holding night sessions beginning next Monday.

—Both Houses have voted to repeal an Act allowing the County Judges to appoint a Treasurer and fix his compensation, and have passed a bill requiring the Treasurer to be elected by the magistrates, who will fix his salary.

—Senator White of Madison offered a resolution directing the Committee on Reform and Reform to bring in a bill reducing the *per diem* of Legislators from \$5 to \$3, mileage to five cents per mile, stationary to \$5 per annum, and to make it a penal offense for a member to receive and use free passes on railroads; but the pretended retrenchers only laughed at him, and yet these same fellows want to reduce the salary of everybody else.

—Speaking of the recent flood the Cincinnati Enquirer of the 15th says that several members of the Legislature were caught in a trap this morning. Last night they visited that part of the city known as Crawfish Bottom, where the "soiled doves" reside, and when they woke up this morning they found themselves surrounded by the hordes of the hordes. However, by the use of hooks and small boats, they made their way to the Capital with their hats drawn far over their eyes.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—The New York Herald's Irish Relief fund has reached over \$200,000.

—Rev. J. B. Jeter, D. D., a distinguished Baptist preacher, died at Richmond, Va., Wednesday.

—The Ohio River was 52 feet 9 inches at Cincinnati on the 16th. In 1862 it was 57 feet 4 inches.

—A fire in Chicago Saturday night destroyed over \$600,000 worth of buildings and other property.

—The City Directory of Louisville for 1880 says that there are 25,000 houses and a population of 174,000.

—Becher has abandoned the pulpit for a season, and has mounted the stump in the interest of Grant for President.

—Of 6,824 Republicans in Ohio who have expressed themselves on the subject only 291 are for Hayes for President.

—The Governor has fixed the 2nd day of April for the execution of Robert Anderson, the brutal Louisville wife murderer.

—Dr. Chipley, who died last week, will be remembered here in connection with the Phillips will trial. He testified as an expert in it.

—The total representation from the States and Territories to the approaching Republican Convention at Chicago, will be 756—necessary to a choice 377.

Call for a Republican Convention.

The Republicans of Lincoln county are requested to meet in Convention at the Court-house in Stanford, on Monday the 1st day of March, (County Court day) to appoint delegates to the State Convention, which will meet in Louisville the 14th day of April, and to attend to such other business as may be before them.

It is desired that all the precincts be represented by a full attendance. J. A. EYLER, Chairman.

An Acknowledgment. Having received, as a present, from the ladies of the Christian Church and other friends in Stanford, a beautiful quilt of valuable fabric, composed of 2,537 pieces, most artistically arranged, presenting a marvelous display of patience and skill, I hereby present to the donors, individually and collectively, my most sincere thanks for the same. It is the more highly appreciated, coming as an expression of the kindness and friendship of so many Christian hearts, including the Ladies' Christian Aid Society, with whom the project originated. Most gratefully, &c., J. H. RALLOU, Stanford, Ky., Feb. 17, 1880.

CANDIDATES.

TIM W. HIGGINS

Is a Candidate FOR CIRCUIT CLERK, subject to the action of the Democracy.

JOHN H. MILLER

Is a Candidate FOR CIRCUIT CLERK, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

JAMES P. BAILEY.

Is a Candidate FOR CIRCUIT COURT CLERK of Lincoln County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

R. C. WARREN

Is a Candidate FOR COMMONWEALTH'S ATTORNEY for this District, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

BASH & MIDKIFF

(AT THE OLD STAND OF BASH & DENNIS)

MANUFACTURERS

—AND DEALERS IN—

CARRIAGES,

BUGGIES,

SPRING AND FARM WAGONS.

REPAIRING & PAINTING

DONE ON SHORT NOTICE AND

IN THE VERY BEST STYLE.

WE WARRANT ALL NEW WORK

—FOR TWELVE MONTHS AND—

GUARANTEE FULL SATISFACTION

—IN ALL OUR REPAIRING—

Give us a call and learn our VERY LOW prices. HOUSE-REPAIRING a specialty. No. 26, Middle-street is a No. 1 horse-shoe. Don't fail to give him a trial.

415-lyr BASH & MIDKIFF.

J. R. WARREN & SON,

P. O. STORE,

Are still holding forth at the old stand, and as usual keep a good supply of articles in their line.

Remember that we keep every thing in Staple and Fancy Groceries:

Sugars, Coffees, Molasses, Coal Oil, Tea, Rice, &c.; and in Fancy Groceries, Canned Goods of every description, Cheese, Crackers, Spices, Sage, Macaroni, Raisins, Nuts, Candies, Extracts, &c.

We laid in just before the late rise, a good supply of Coal Hods, Kitchen Sets, Shovels, Tongs, and "sich."

We will aim, at all times, during the coming year, to be able to furnish all who may apply with Bacon, Lard, Potatoes, Butter, Eggs, &c. We ask parties having any of the last-named articles to sell to call on us before disposing of same elsewhere; and we will promise to pay the highest market price therefor in goods.

We also keep a complete stock of Glass and Queensware, Lamps, Chimneys, &c.

As the season for such is fast approaching, we have supplied ourselves with a stock of Trace-chains, Collars, Back-bands, Hame-strings, Forks, Hoe-handles, &c.

Don't forget us when you want Hardware, Queensware, Glassware, Hollowware, Groceries, Confectioneries, Notions, Cigars, Tobaccos, Shot, Powder, Caps, Wads, &c.

J. R. WARREN & SON,

P. O. STORE

Corner of Main and Lancaster Sts., Stanford, Kentucky.

NOW WHAT DO YOU SAY!

10,000 DOLLARS WORTH

CLOTHING!

HEAVY BOOTS AND SHOES AT COST!

OUR TRADE DEMANDS AN UNUSUAL PREPARATION

THE SPRING TRADE, AND IN ORDER TO MAKE ROOM

AN EXTENSIVE STOCK FOR THE COMING SEASON,

WITHOUT REFERENCE TO VALUE.

This is no mistake. Come and we will convince you.

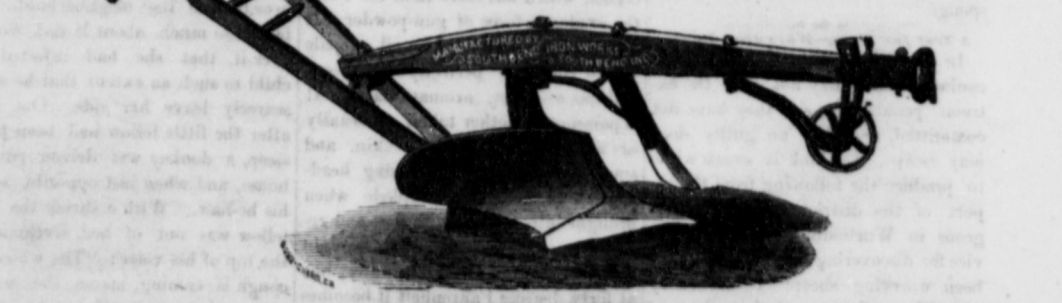
GEO. H. BRUCE & CO.

P. S.—We are prepared, with over Five Hundred Samples from Devlin & Co., New York, to take measures for Spring Suits, and guarantee perfect-fitting garments. Examine them early.

The Oliver Chilled Plow

STILL LEADS ALL OTHERS!

For the following six simple reasons and no other: 1. Because it is lighter draft than any other. 2. Because it will turn more land with same labor than any other. 3. Because it will turn the soil better than any other. 4. Because it will last longer than any other. 5. Because it is cheaper than any other. 6. Because, every time you place a new point on it, it virtually makes you a new plow.



OVER 150 OF THESE PLOWS ARE NOW USED BY LINCOLN COUNTY FARMERS, EVERY ONE OF WHICH was sold on trial, and not one of them was ever returned. All that is wanted to convince the most highly prejudicial mind is a simple and fair trial. The very best farmers in the County use and endorse them.

GEO. D. WEAREN, Agent for Lincoln Co.

HARRIS & NUNNELLEY

—DEALERS IN—

Staple & Fancy Groceries,

MEAT AND PROVISIONS.

—ALSO—

FISH, OYSTERS AND GAME

IN THEIR SEASON.

Will also do all kinds of work in the

SADDLERY & HARNESS

—LINE—

All Repairing Done With

Neatness & Dispatch.

J. R. WARREN & SON,

P. O. STORE

Corner of Main and Lancaster Sts., Stanford, Kentucky.

FARMERS, ATTENTION!

A number of Lincoln County farmers have tried

The Champion Steel Plow

And assert that it is the best plow in use. The following certificates speak for themselves:

I tried an Oliver Chilled, an Avery, a Hamilton and a Champion Steel Plow, and would not give one of the latter for all three of the former.

BOB MCALISTER.

The Champion Steel Plow is the best I ever used.

R. WATTS.

For this best of all plows, call on the undersigned. I will permit you to use it for two days, and if it does not suit you, return it.

415-2m A. G. FENDELTON, Stanford.

Stanford Female College.

STANFORD, KY.

WITH A FULL CORPS OF TEACHERS

this institution will open

ITS TENTH SESSION,

—ON THE—

2ND MONDAY IN SEPTEMBER, NEXT.

ALL THE BRANCHES OF A

THOROUGH ENGLISH COURSE

are taught, as well as

MUSIC, THE LANGUAGES, DRAWING AND PAINTING.

TERMS MODERATE.

In Tuition, prices range from \$20 to \$40 in the regular Department. Primary, \$25; Intermediate \$30; Preparatory, \$40, and College, \$50.

For full particulars, as to Board, &c., address MRS. A. C. THURMAN, President, Stanford, Lincoln Co., Ky.

M. D. ELMORE,

South Side Main Street, First Door

Below St. Asaph Hotel,

STANFORD, - KENTUCKY.

Keeps always on hand a full supply of

Staple & Fancy Groceries,

AND PROVISIONS.

—ALSO—

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Staple Dry

Goods, Notions, Gents' Ready-made

Clothing, Pocket and Table Cutlery, Queens- and Glassware,

Tobacco and Cigars of all

kinds, Powder, Shot,

COTTON & WOOLEN YARNS,

Tin- and Woodware,

And many other useful articles too tedious to mention, all of which I offer to sell at the

Lowest Possible Margin

I will take Country Produce in exchange for goods at market prices.

I have been before the public, asking, receiving and bestowing favors, for 14 years, and in all these years of labor, none have been more prosperous and pleasant, all things considered, than the past; therefore, I have good cause to come before you and thank them, one and all, great and small.

While I have received their money in large and small quantities, I feel that none have given an equivalent more thoroughly than myself. After thanks to my many friends and patrons for their liberal patronage, I hope for a continuance of the same and by fair dealing and low prices, I feel that we can meet the demands of many.

Respectfully, M. D. ELMORE.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Clover and Timothy Seed at Owsley & Higgins.

If you wish a good glass of Ale or Beer, call at J. W. Ruler's Ale Saloon.

A large and splendid line of Saddles, Plow Gear and Harness of all kinds at Harris & Nunnally's, with prices away down.

New Crop Landreth's Garden Seeds put down in sealed packages, and guaranteed to be genuine, for sale by McRoberts & Stagg.

New York Early Rose and Peerless Irish potatoes, the largest and best varieties known, can be had for seed at Owsley & Higgins.

Go to Marshall & Ruple's for Spring and Summer Suits. In cheapness, style and quality they cannot be excelled by any. Give them a call and see their prices.

Best cement in the world at McRoberts & Stagg's for 25 cents a barrel. Will mend China, glass, marble, wood, bone, leather, tin, coral, jewelry, earthenware, porcelain, etc., etc.

Glad tidings for all sufferers with Coughs and Colds is the announcement that Consen's Honey of Tar is a never failing remedy. It is a cure for Croup, a cure for the throat and lungs, and each day adds fresh triumphs to its long list of victories over Coughs, Colds and more serious affections of the throat and lungs. One trial will convince you. Price 50 cents, at McRoberts & Stagg's.

We were pained to hear of the accident to the bridge on last Tuesday evening. The horses in the carriage containing the bride and groom took fright near corner of Banks and Lee streets, precipitating Mr. John Lowe and his lovely bride, Miss Annie May, on the stone curbing, spraining his ankle and inflicting a severe bruise on her right cheek, all of which were relieved by Consen's Lightning Liniment, a cure for Rheumatism, Lame Back, Sprains, Bruises, etc. Price 50 cents, at McRoberts & Stagg's.

TO WESTERN EMIGRANTS.—Having been appointed GENERAL EMIGRATION AGENT at Cincinnati for the YANKEE LINE, for the States of MISSOURI, TEXAS, ARIZONA, NEBRASKA, KANSAS, COLORADO, CALIFORNIA, and the WESTERN TERRITORIES, an fully prepared to furnish, FREE OF APPLICATION, Maps, Land Circulars, giving Soil, Climate, etc. Lowest rates made on passengers, household goods or stock. Call on, or address, GEO. A. KNIGHT, General Emigration Agent, No. 2 Cor. 4th and Vine Streets, Cincinnati, Ohio.

PERSONAL.

Mr. THOS. E. BURCE, of Lebanon, was here this week.

Mr. J. A. EYER, of Middleburg, was seen on Wednesday.

Mr. AND LYNAN, of Louisville, are visiting Ed. S. H. King.

Mr. JAMES BOWMAN is the guest of daughter, Mrs. M. C. Sargent, in this city.

Mr. W. H. MILLER is visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. Dr. Pettit, of Lancaster.

Mr. S. S. MYERS, W. H. Miller and S. M. Hargrave were in Frankfort this week.

Miss ANNA CRAIG and Mrs. Helen have come to visit Mrs. B. W. Lillard, in Lancaster.

Miss HALLIE A. PETERSON, of Williams College, is sick at her sister's, Mrs. J. M. Peterson's, in this city.

Mr. R. E. BROADBENT, of Crab Orchard, is a guest of Mrs. Dr. G. W. Broadbent, at the Myers house.

Miss MOLLIE BROADBENT and Mrs. C. C. Coleman, of Harrodsburg, are visiting friends in this vicinity.

Our old friend, Mr. M. O. Gorman has been appointed road-master of the Middle Division of the C. & E. R. R.

News has reached us that Mr. Jas. M. Wray, formerly of this county, has been stricken down by paralysis at his home in Burlington, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Crook, were passengers on Tuesday's train returning from their trip to the West, which extended through all the principal cities of the Southern States and of Cuba.

Dr. ANDREW STANLEY has accepted our acknowledgment of an invitation to the commencement exercises of the Louisville Medical College, which take place at Liberty Hall on the 21st.

Nearly all of the visiting ladies left late week. Miss Mattie Broadbent has returned to Richmond, Miss Lizzie Lee to Danville, and Misses Annie Hyde and Annie Walker have gone to Louisville, accompanied by Mrs. S. C. Tomlinson.

This week's fall on Mount Vernon, Ky. W. C. Grinstead, Parkville, O. J. Crow, Wm. Goodrich, G. W. Gentry, F. M. Coffey, Jas. Crow, Wm. H. Harker, Stanford, Dr. W. S. Dailley, Paris, Texas; G. S. Wood, Parkville, Ky.; Miss Anna Bell, Harrodsburg, Ill.; by Miss Sallie Dillard; W. R. Land, Louisville, Col.; by J. T. Land, Mrs. Sin Cook, Danville, A. P. Hicks, Pine Hill, A. T. Lewis, Owensboro, Ill.; by Jas. Dillard, C. F. Walls, Middleburg, Mrs. Mary B. Green, Harrodsburg, by Rev. J. A. Boyle; Mrs. B. W. Thurmond, Owensboro, Ky.; W. A. Coffey, McKinney Station, J. D. McNeil, Lebanon Junction, J. P. Campbell, Clay Center, Ky.

LOCAL MATTERS.

New Hamburg Edgings at McAlister & Lytle's.

OWSLEY & HIGGINS are agents for the celebrated Hamilton Piano.

FOR SALE.—A fine seven octave piano, nearly new. Apply at this office.

Trace chains, collars, harness blind-bridles, etc., at Owsley & Higgins'.

Four fowls of all kinds, also plow points, clevises, bolts, plow harness, etc., go to headquarters, which is at Geo. D. West's.

BORN.—To the wife of J. F. Peake, a 9-pound boy. He has been named Frank Peyton, in honor of the popular physician of that name.

A DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENT—Was given by Mrs. S. C. Trueheart on Friday night in honor of Misses Hyde and Walker, her accomplished guests.

ANOTHER PARSON.—Mr. Blackburn has pardoned his colored friend, Wyatt McKinney, who was sent to the Penitentiary for this county for 20 months for hog stealing.

GRANDER ATTENTION!—Master James A. Harris requests every member of the Stanford Grange to meet at the Masonic Hall here on Saturday, Feb. 28th, at 2 p. m.

NOT MUCH DAMAGE.—Col. Shelby tells us that less than \$35 will repair the damage done to the Crab Orchard Springs property, and that reports have been greatly exaggerated about it.

THEATRICAL.—John Rowe's company of theatrical artists gave one of their shows at the Colored Town Hall last night, to a big audience. In the afternoon, headed by the colored brass band of Danville, they marched through town and created quite a sensation.

FIRE ALARM.—Some paper that had been used to stop up a stove-pipe hole in Mrs. Welch's room caught fire the other day, and but for her presence of mind in giving the alarm serious consequences might have followed. As it was, a pretty good wetting of the room by the bucket brigade was all the damage done.

KIX THEM OFF.—Those troublesome Crab Orchard negroes, Jim Banks and Sam Hunter, who have looted here since their release from jail, are continually rising row and are now in jail for the first time within the last several months. It is well that we can be rid of them any other way our citizens ought to take the matter in hand.

RELIGIOUS.

Elder J. S. Swenson has closed his meeting in Louisville on the 20th inst.

Rev. J. M. Bruce will preach at St. Salem at eleven o'clock to-morrow, (21st).

There will be two Bishops ordained at the Rush Branch Church next Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.

Last Sunday was the seventeenth anniversary of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church as a separate denomination.

Eld. Jonathan Stanley, the young revivalist, has accepted a call to preach at the Hustonville Christian Church. He will fill the pulpit three Sundays in each month.

At the suggestion of the *Enquirer*, made some time ago, Cincinnati has at last determined to use her music Hall on Sundays for religious worship, where those who have no church relationship can feel free and easy. The first meeting was held last Sunday, when four thousand people attended and listened with great interest to Rev. J. W. Pratt, of Richmond, Ky., who had been engaged for the occasion.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

A lot of hemp sold this week at Lexington at \$7 per cwt.

A distillery in Fayette bought 600 barrels of corn, this week, at \$2.25 delivered.

Dean & Scott sold 26 mules in Lexington Monday to Alfred & Burgess, at about \$115 per head.

A farm of 220 acres of land on the Richmond pike, nine miles from Lexington, sold this week for \$13,000, a little over \$62.50 per acre.

J. H. Woodford, of Bourbon county, sold to S. W. Duncan, of Johnson county, Indiana, a number of select Oatswell ewes at \$40 per head.

Kentucky is credited with 286,900 horses, 117,900 mules, 257,200 milk cows, 485,000 sheep and other cattle, 1,020,000 oxen, and 1,960,500 hogs.

D. J. Phillips bought in the Smith's Grove neighborhood seventeen head heavy mules for the Eastern market, paying an average of \$120.—(Bowling Green Intelligencer.)

Something like carbuncle fever or black-leg is prevailing among the cattle in some portions of the county, and several have died. A. H. Fyson has lost four or five head.—(Clark Democrat.)

GEORGETOWN COT DAY.—Five or six hundred cattle offered, but many un- sold. Prices ranged from 2 1/2 to 3 cents per pound. One hundred mules were sold at \$65 to \$115. Horses \$16 to \$110.

LOUISVILLE.—The cattle market is dull and prices are lower by a 1/2 of a cent on all grades. The figures run now from \$1.25 for the lowest grades to \$4.50 for extra shipping stock. Hogs are higher and prices run from \$3 to \$3.50 for common to \$4.40 for choice. Sheep—Extra 4 1/2 to 5c, common 3 1/2 to 4c.

About three weeks ago a ewe belonging to John C. Tucker, gave birth to a lamb, and in just 18 days from the birth of the first, she gave birth to another. Both lambs are living and all right. S. F. & A. G. Cowan have \$5 each that the 144 lambs. Fifty of this number have 101 living lambs. Who can beat this?—(Extract from our Hall's Gap Letter.)

DANVILLE COT DAY.—About 1,000 cattle on the market from the best Durham to the meanest scrub, and I think the lowest February market we have had since I have been attending the Cot Day. The best stock sold at 3 1/2 to 4 cts per lb. Some aged broke mules on market, selling at \$80 to \$135. I sold one 3-year-old mare mule for \$154.25. Plug horses sold at \$40 to \$80 per head. H. T. Bush.

G. W. Alford shipped this week to his partner, J. D. Swope, at Talladega, Ala., a car-load of mules, for which he paid on an average of \$80 per head. He also bought last Monday 6 head of mules at prices ranging from \$75 to \$105 per head. Mr. Alford has shipped from this point to the South this season 300 head of mules, and we are glad to know that he has received remunerative prices for them. Mr. Alford is one of the most useful men in this vicinity.

LINCOLN COUNTY.

Stock men attend: So Owens has 90 acres good grass land for rent.

The Hanging Fork got on a special high price. Cisterns, cellars and downer pits got pretty full all.

Price Cooper, one of "the Nation's wards" was arrested on Monday night, charged with drunk and disorderly conduct. He was tried before "Squire Hocker" on Tuesday and fined \$15.

J. W. Allen shipped a car-load of cattle and hogs on Saturday, and on Tuesday a car-load of cattle, designed for the Eastern market. He sold in Danville on Monday 32 head of feeders, averaging 1,192 lbs. at \$45 per head; also 22 long yearlings, and 5 heifers, at about 3 cents. Mr. Allen reports a large supply on common cattle on the market on that day, and prices lower than usual.

One of our young gentlemen procured a vehicle a few nights since, and, together with a friend, drove out to visit some young ladies. They stayed so late that in attempting to leave they found the wheels frozen fast in the hubs, and the wheels refused to rotate. Sometime later morning they came in, ingloriously riding the horse, having left the carriage at the gate of the paternal domain. Don't know their names; but one called the other "Thompson."

Mr. S. Sprintz, of the Falls City Optical Institute, handled me the other day a time-stained copy of *The Boston Gazette and County Journal*, dated Monday, March 12, 1779, and printed by Edes and Gill. It is a quaint old quarto, having a page of letter press of three columns, and measuring 14x9 inches. It is printed in the old style, the letter "a" resembling "q" and each word beginning with a capital, and is bordered with broad, black lines in token of mourning for Saml. Gray, Saml. Maverick, James Caldwell and Crispus Attucks, slain in the Boston riots during the occupation of the city by the British troops under Gen. Gage. Four columns decorated with death's head and cross-bones, and bearing the initials of the tenants are displayed. About the same time Billy Williams handed me a copy of the first number of a daily paper published in Leadville (Col.) in 1880. What a wonderful and eventful drama has been enacted in this interval of 110 years. But I will resist the temptation to enter on the theme. I must give you an extract, however, partly to show that our fathers were, like ourselves, a warring race, yet had really a spice of patriotism, not the selfish spread-eagle, fusion thing of our hustings and legislative assemblies, but true, self-subsiding and earnest zeal for the public welfare in their composition.

and partly to fulfil the pious wish of these departed guardians of the Sapling of Liberty by "passing around" the names of those resolute ones who didn't care a cent whether it should ever become a tree or not. After a preamble setting forth that "Merchants & Traders of the Town of Boston, and almost all the Maritime Towns on the Continent, from a Principle truly noble and generous, and to the sacrificing of their own interests, have entered into an Agreement not to import British Goods (with the necessary Articles excepted) until the Acts of Parliament imposing certain duties on Tea, Glass, Paper, Paints, Colors, Oyl, &c., &c., "therefore voted," &c. Here we have a general approval of said agreement. Then: "We do with the utmost Abhorrence and Detestation view the little, mean and sordid conduct of a few, &c., who have and still do import, &c., &c., and who have thereby proved that * * * and are deaf to and regardless of the miseries and calamities of this People." "Voted" that whereas John Bernard, James Mcmasters, Patrick McManus, John Mein, Nathaniel Rogers * * * (together with several other named persons) * * * "are of this number, and do import, &c., &c., we do hereby declare that we will not buy the least Article of any of said Persons Ourselves, or suffer and act for or under us, &c., &c., neither will we buy of those who shall buy or exchange any Article of Goods with them." "Voted," that to the end the Gentlemen who are yet unborn may know who they were that laughed at the Distress and Calamities of this People, and instead of trying to save their Country when in imminent Danger, did strive to render inefficient a virtuous and commendable Plan: the Names of these Importers shall be annually read at March Meeting." There now! No temporizing there. No shuffling in ranks allowed. No dodging responsibility. Not even a possibility of fooling "the generation yet unborn" on the question of their record! Pass 'em round Mr. Editor.

Highland.

Rev. J. S. Swenson received into the Pleasant Hill Church yesterday thirteen persons, after administering the ordinance of baptism to them by affusion.

Rev. John Ragan has assisted in the meeting.

Thomas Jones, of Douglas county, Kansas, an uncle of H. P. Young's wife, and C. M. Jones are visiting relatives and friends who have not seen them for fifteen years....John Taylor is down with the fever....Mrs. G. G. Ragan, who has been in bed for eight months is slowly improving.

The storm last week blew a part of the roof from the house of S. S. Bastin about 12 o'clock at night, and from that time till morning the rain poured in upon the four sick members of the family, but no serious effects are yet observable. The same storm demolished the barn of Dr. A. J. Jackson, and blew down many trees and miles of fence in the neighborhood.

Waynesburg.

Seeing nothing in the columns of your very interesting paper from this point, and believing it worthy of representation, "we" select the following from "our" news basket.

Preaching at Double Springs next Saturday and Sunday, by Rev. Wm. Taylor.

To our shame and sorrow the Sabbath School at this place is dead. Brethren where are our interests and aims? Will you help?

Mr. McFarlane had a valuable mare to drop dead one evening last week. Mr. Hensley Gooch had one shuffle off the healthy coil about the same time. Mr. Robert Wheeler also has one which he expects to "drag off." Disease unknown.

A gentleman whose name we have not learned was here last week making arrangements with Mr. W. H. Caldwell for locating a spoke factory at Waynesburg Station, half mile west of town. Hickory timber and staves are as "good as gold" in this country.

A terrific storm passed through this locality last Thursday night, blowing down some barns and unroofing a few dwellings, and playing havoc with fencing that chance to be in its course. Waters have been higher in this section during the late rains than for many years past.

Mr. J. N. Green cut his foot very badly one day last week....Mrs. Louisa Webber is suffering very badly from neuralgia.

Mr. Wm. F. Perkins is confined to his bed with fever....S. G. Gooch has just returned from Cincinnati, whither he has been laying in his stock of "early Spring" goods. He has secured the services of W. R. Gooch, Sr., as salesman....G. F. Akers leaves to-morrow (Tuesday) with Gooch's Gallery for Highland, where he will catch shadows for a few days.

On Wednesday night last the steam saw mill and corn and flouring mill belonging to Jas. Anderson, four miles east of this place was totally destroyed by fire. The mill contained a quantity of grain which was also consumed. The night of the burning Mr. J. N. Brown—"land agent"—with an immigrant party stayed with Mr. Anderson and made arrangements for taking his farms and mills at a fair price, the cash to be paid the following morning, but alas! when morning came all was lost, except the farm and its buildings.

GARRARD COUNTY.

Lawson.

Several theatrical and minstrel troupes are advertised for this place.

The Public School will re-open on Monday, Mr. W. D. Markbury, Principal.

Miss Patten Beasley is visiting friends here. Mr. Geo. H. Bruce was in our city on Thursday.

Captain Jack Adams didn't cut his throat at Brenham, Texas. It was another Jack Adams.

Three of our white citizens stole away early Monday morning with their families, thereby creating a mystery and a world's wonder among the negroes.

The creeks and rivers about us are swollen frightfully and much damage has been done by the waters. The Danville coach has had to take the Herring pike on account of demolished bridges.

General Landrum has been appointed a delegate to the Mexican War Reunion at Frankfort on Monday next. There were originally seventy-eight men of the Garrard Volunteer Company. A number of them still survive.

Circuit Court is disposing of the Commonwealth case, with the usual recurrence of fines and work-house among the verdicts. The town looks alive with comers and goers, and nearly every day sees stock on the square under the auctioneer's hammer.

Mr. James Herring returned from Richmond, Mo., bringing three children of his deceased brother, O. P. Herring. Dr. H. C. Herring takes the child, boy. It is believed at Richmond that Mr. Herring was murdered for a large sum of money, and that his house was fired by the murderers. The affair is at best, tragical.

BOYLE COUNTY.

Danville.

Only one case of "orange blossoms"—Wm. Sanders to Miss Martha E. Sinkhorn.

The interesting meeting at the Church, Rev. J. M. Evans, at the First Presbyterian Church, closed on Sunday night with 12 additions.

The ladies of the Southern Methodist church have prepared a supper at James' Hall for the night of the 20th (Friday), immediately after the exercises at the church.

Abram King, an upright and thrifty farmer, died in this city on the morning of the 18th, leaving a considerable estate, which was bequeathed to his wife, Caroline, and at her death his house and lot are to be given to the colored Christian church of Danville.

On the 13th, Shelby City, the town that, according to Mr. Howell, is founded on prejudice and composed of unwholesome people, was disturbed by a "melee" of grand national catharsis and demonstrations.

John Covert owes the Police Court \$5, John Lay 22 and east, and George Covert has not yet been settled with.

Court day brought to town an immense crowd and plenty of cattle—about 1,000 head. On account of the crowded market, sales were slow, the best grades bringing from 3 to 4 cents. Plug horses sold at from \$40 to \$80. None or very few sales of mules. Auctioneers report the day extremely dull for February.

A social and literary entertainment will be held by the ladies of the Second Presbyterian church, at Dr. Beatty's residence, on Thursday, 19th inst., from 7 till 11, p. m. On this account Dr. Hays lecture, advertised for the same evening, has been postponed until Thursday night, the 20th.

On the 16th day of February, 1830, in Stanford, Ky., at the tavern known now as the Myers' House, Judge Fontaine T. Fox was married to Miss Eliza J. Hinton, and on the 16th inst., being the fiftieth anniversary, they celebrated their "Golden Wedding" by a family reunion at their home near Danville. It is a rare privilege according to this estimable couple to have lived together throughout half a century of white and dumb drudgery, and now to sit at the table with but one vacant chair.

PERSONAL.—Misses Jennie and Mary Hannah Todd, of Frankfort, were handsomely entertained at Mrs. C. C. Young's on Tuesday night, and Miss Ball at the residence of Mrs. G. G. Ragan, who has been in bed for eight months is slowly improving.

The critical illness of Mrs. R. L. Salter has been reported for....WHERE TO FIND THEM.—Miss Eliza Quigley at Dr. Monroe's; Miss Nellie Morton and Miss Hartwell, of Louisville, at Mrs. John C. Young's; Miss Boswell, Miss Sharpe, and Miss Sarah West, of Lexington, at Mrs. Charles H. Lucas'; Miss Ball, of Frankfort, at Mrs. VanWinkle's; and the Misses Todd and Miss Craft at Mrs. C. C. Young's.

PULASKI COUNTY.

Somers.

Be at the turnpike meeting to-morrow.

There is a full grown, healthy young man in town who is now working for his "grub and garments."

Elder Smith preached for the Baptist at the Presbyterian Church, Saturday, Sunday and Sunday night.

I understand that the stove bucker at the depot is now running day and night, and is doing a staving business.

Some wheat crops along the river and creek bottoms are covered six and eight inches with sediment from the recent rise.

Quarterly meeting will be held at the M. E. Church South, of this place next Thursday. Elder Hiner is expected to attend.

Mr. Jack Bush, living on Buck creek, had fifteen acres of hemp washed away during the flood. It was standing out in the shock.

An unusually large crowd in town last Monday. A portion of the furniture advertised was sold at auction. Prices generally very high.

Books.—Near town on the 12 inst., to the wife of James Langan, a daughter, and Jenny must have a wee bit of a spree over his good luck.

The Danville Advocate has a good "Somerset correspondent." Surely somebody ought to run around and find out who he is—it would be so interesting.

Mr. M. B. Huffaker moved into his new house last Saturday. Millard looks, and no doubt feels, like he is living at home. Now, Millard, hurry up your side-walk.

There are a number of persons, both white and black, living in and around Somerset, who toil not, neither do they spin, yet they live in a way that no one knows.

Now let the Board of Trustees take \$5,000 worth of stock in the pike to Cleo. Better do that than license saloons, and then pay out all the money to pay "police to keep order."

Mr. James Langan, an industrious Irishman, living near the depot, has been prevented from labor for several days by a rising (which had to be lanced) on his right hand.

It said that charity covers a multitude of faults. But who can tell how many pints and half pints a certain colored blanket that was noticed moving about on "Jockey" last Monday morning covered?

I learn that Mr. Dick Johnston, of the depot store, has sold his stock of goods, groceries, &c., to Mr. Grinstead, the grocery man. Mr. J. H. friends would regret very much to have him leave here. I hope he may conclude to remain longer with us.

Build the Somerset and Cleo road, and then take my word for it, though not a prophet nor the son of one, that in less than five years time there will be miles of good pike, plank, or gravel roads in Pulaski county. Hundreds of our people have never traveled over such roads and do not know their utility.

Last Saturday night Gen. Smith lectured at the Court-house upon the subject of "Intemperance." I was not present, but learn that he was honored with a very large audience, and the many strong points brought out in the lecture were well received by the people of this county.

Baptist preacher humming for a free night's lodging: B. P. approaches Mr. Z. S. with, "How are you, Z?"—"Howdy!" B. P.—"I want to know your father." Z—"So did I." B. P.—"We held big meetings together." No response. B. P.—"Where do you live?" Z—"Nowhere; I board." B. P.—"Will your boarding-house charge you friend anything for staying last night?" Z—"Looking askance." "Frogot an friend, and then was something to do in another part of the factory—leaving B. P. to meditate upon the thought of "Man's inhumanity to man."

Wonder how much money our young folks made by walking eighteen miles last Sunday to see how muddy the water in Cumberland River was. This trip upon their part forcibly illustrates the idea of a man working for himself for nothing and paying his own board, or the devil shearing the hog—much cry for little wool.

PERSONAL.—Messrs. J. B. Girdler, of Louisville, and P. P. Nunnally, of Lincoln, have been here several days....Mrs. Add Vandall, of Boyle, is here visiting her sister, Mrs. Gillipie....Messrs. F. V. and V. K. Logan are in Louisville this week in attendance upon the United States Court....Miss Mattie Bagley, of this vicinity, and Angie Connor, of Somerset, left Tuesday to attend school at Millersburg.

The rain fall of Wednesday night and Thursday and Thursday night was the heaviest witnessed here for some time. I have had no correct news from the river, but Buck Creek, Pittman and Fishing Creeks swept everything as they went. Many bottom farms will sustain considerable damage by the washing of fencing, growing wheat crops, &c. LATER.—The river has been higher than for the last thirty years—so says the "oldest inhabitant."

SICKNESS.—Mrs. W. S. Shepherd, wife of J. L. Shepherd, has been in very delicate health during the winter....Mrs. Maggie Moss has been confined to her room at her father's, Mr. P. F. Shepherd's, near town, for a number of weeks of inflammatory rheumatism....Mr. Sam Hinds, a very worthy citizen living about ten miles east of here, has been very low of pneumonia; now, however, is thought to be convalescing....I regret to say that Mr. W. C. Murphy, our worthy Postmaster, is in very feeble health.

On Saturday evening last, a young man named Combs, a painter, went into the store of Gibson Bros., and on being refused "lick" for some small article, raised a difficulty with Mr. Andy Crawford, using some vulgar language, and as a lady was present Andy told him to dry up or leave the house. After the lady had retired he agitated returned and unaccounted for his revolver at Billingsgate, which he intended "Paddy Miles Boy" as to cause him to lay violent hands upon the ruffian, who soon retreated in double-quick time with the claret coming from his "snout."

Last Saturday while Jas. M. Sandifer and Tom Jink Vickery were taking in the Cumberland River bridge and admiring the beautiful works of nature, a train came suddenly upon them, and to their horror and dismay, they soon realized the facts that they must take the chances between a leap for life into the surging billows below, or spread themselves upon the outside of the track and risk the pass over. They chose the latter mode, however, and it is said that they spread themselves out so thin that their friends are now preparing to have them dressed off and peddled out for half soles.

For sore throat, gargle with Pin's Cure, mixed with a little water. Relief is instant.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HENDERSON'S SEEDS & PLANTS.

Agents wanted to send for Particulars of THE BIBLE, 5,000 COPIES OF THE CHEAPEST BIBLES. Free furnished Agents. For Agents, address J. C. McCURDY & CO., 35 Cortlandt Street, New York.

THE DEAF HEAR.

THROUGH THE TEETH.

PERF

ST. SAID.

Di Devlin was my cousin—youthful, pretty, and spoiled—the only child and heiress of a rich man who adored her. Emily Graham was her maid, also young, and more than pretty—refined, accomplished, elegant and beautiful, far superior to her mistress. But Emily was very poor. Her father's death (he had been a clergyman, and died of consumption) had left her and her delicate mother destitute and friendless, and under the pressure of extreme necessity she accepted the position of lady's maid to one who in happier days had been her school-fellow, associate and equal.

As for me, I had always been Emily's bosom friend, and never did she seem so dear to me as in her fallen fortunes. Things come about so strangely. We two girls wept so bitterly the night before poor Emily went to her new home; who could have guessed that the throry road she was about to travel would lead to a happy goal and yet it proved so in the end.

I knew very well that it would be no easy matter to get along comfortably with Di—she had been so petted and humored by my uncle, and it was therefore almost as much of a surprise as a relief to me to find, for quite a time, things going on smoothly enough between mistress and maid; on the occasion of Di's grand birthday ball, however, I began to fear something had gone wrong, there had been such hauteur and temper shown towards Emily. So I questioned Di about it and her answer confirmed my fears.

"Emily is so absurdly proud," said she, pettishly. "Would you believe that I actually invited her to be present at this ball as my companion and friend, and she refused? Old Mr. Brennan (enormously rich) will be here. He's crazy for a handsome young wife; I want to present her, and just give him a hint, and who knows what might have happened? But no. She's too proud to accept my favors, and I shall take care that she doesn't again have the chance of refusing them!"

"But my dear Di!" cried I, in great surprise, for Di, in the character of a Lady Bountiful was something extraordinary. "How could she be at the ball? What has she suitable to wear? She is in mourning, and—"

She interrupted with peevish impatience. "That was all arranged; I would have given her a dress as handsome as my own—a white silk, trimmed with lilies. Mine, you see, is all warm pink and roses. We could have kept together, and formed the sweetest couple; people would have named us 'The Lily and the Rose,' but her stupid pride has spoiled my plans! she swept her trailing silks across the floor until she stood before a large mirror. 'Ah!' she sighed, 'shouldn't I have been a lovely little rose with the elegant white lily beside me! My pleasure to-night is destroyed!'"

How I did laugh. Here was the secret of her wonderful benevolence, she wanted a foil for her charms. Still I wished she had not taken such a notion; she had a quick, passionate temper and wholly unused to ever having her slightest wishes crossed or denied, and it was possible she might conceive some wayward prejudice against her maid, whose position might thereby be made too painful to be endured; I resolved to see Emily alone the very first opportunity.

A little before midnight the chance came, and I slipped away quietly to Di's bedroom. There sat Emily, pale and still, in a large armchair by the fire. Her tired head was thrown back against the purple cushions, her eyes closed, and her hands, that showed the color of cream among the folds of her black dress, lying loosely at rest upon her lap. I would not wake her, so I stole on tiptoe across the room to the toilet table, intending to turn down the glaring gas, lest it should disturb her slumbers. But the glitter of some bright object on the table caught my eye, and I paused for one moment to examine it. It was a scent bottle, the most perfect gem of its kind that I had ever seen. Made of some sort of beautiful cut crimson glass, it was all encrusted over with a kind of lace-work of filigree gold; there was a brilliant star of rubies set in the top, and one side, in rubies, also, the owner's name: "Diana Devlin."

Oh, it was exquisite! I gazed at it, and sniffed at it, and opened it, and shut it, and felt as if I couldn't put it down. The beautiful thing fascinated me as the eyes of a serpent might have done. I found myself envying my cousin Di's rich possessions—(especially this!) with a bitterness that was not wholly innocent. Why should she have so many precious things and I scarcely any at all? Surely Heaven itself was wanting in justice when it gave that lovely scent bottle to her instead of me! Just here I caught myself in the full career of my wicked thoughts, and checked them, laughing at my own folly; but I leave the bewitching gem a parting

kiss before laying it down—I couldn't help it—and said to myself, by way of comfort under affliction, "if ever I have the luck to get a nice, rich husband, oh, won't I make him buy me the exact counterpart of this!" At that moment I heard Di calling me, and, fearful that she might come up and wake poor Emily, I turned quickly, put down the gas, and closing the door softly behind me, and cramming my handkerchief and tablets, as I thought, into my pocket, ran down stairs.

The morning after the ball Cousin Di and her latest conquest, Doctor Rutherford (a perfectly splendid fellow! How he could be attracted by that giddy, frivolous vanity was a mystery to me), were chatting in the drawing-room, while I sat by, feeling a spiteful pleasure in playing propriety, because he so evidently wanted me out of the way. To this day I believe that but for my presence he would have made a fool of himself and proposed to Di. Well, they were chatting, and he—for all he was naturally rather a grand and dignified sort of person—was looking "spooney" enough, when Di said, sweetly, smiling up into his face:

"Please ring that bell, Doctor Rutherford—I want you to see my birthday gift from my dear papa." Then, to the servant who answered her summons: "Tell my maid to bring my new smelling-bottle," said she, and turning again to her adorer: "You'll stay and lunch with us, will you not?"

He assented eagerly, and after a more compliments on his part, and laughing rejoinders on hers, the door was once more opened and Emily appeared upon the threshold.

Shall I ever forget her as she looked at that moment, standing motionless for a second's space, just inside the room? The slight, black-robed figure, so pathetic in its mournful grace; the sad, dark eyes that seemed to hide a world of untold trouble in their depths; the small head, crowned with simple bands of soft, brown hair, and lowered with slight but graceful reverence as she met her mistress's eyes. Nay, even the catching of her breath and flushing of her cheek at finding herself in the presence of a stranger—these things are stereotyped like a picture on my memory, never to be obliterated.

"You sent for my smelling bottle, Miss Devlin," she said, and as her sweet voice stole into the room I saw Doctor Rutherford start, and look at her with evident interest and admiration. "I came to ask you where I should find it?"

Di looked at her in surprise. "You should be able to answer that," replied she, sharply; for the disobedient Lily was out of favor still. "It was lying on my toilet-table when I left my room last night. Pray, did you not put it away?"

"No," replied Emily, coming a step or two forward; her dislike to a stranger's presence forgotten in this new alarm. "No, Miss Devlin, I never touched it; I remember setting it on the table after you went down stairs, but I was so very much tired that I fell asleep for a little, and I have no recollection of seeing it afterwards. Are you quite sure you did not take it away, Miss Devlin? Oh, pray think, try to remember, I have been searching for it everywhere in vain; if you have not got it, where—where can it be?"

"Where can it be?" repeated Di, loudly; flaring up at all at once into a sudden passion. "Is it you who will have to answer that question; and in a court of justice, too, if it is not forthcoming immediately! What a jewel like that disappear from my own room in my own house, while my maid is in charge, and she not know it? Monstrous! A very pretty story, truly. You must think me credulous, indeed! Now, listen—every servant in this house, except yourself, has lived with my father for years; you are the only stranger, and the bottle was left in your care. It is missing and suspicion falls on you. If it is not found or restored to me at once, I will have you arrested and taken to prison for theft."

It is impossible to describe the rapidity and fury with which she darted forth these cruel words; then pouring from the room like a madwoman, tore away up stairs, where presently her raised voice was heard, passing from room to room, calling to her father and the servants to aid her in the search.

We, who remained behind—in whose midst this thunderbolt of rage and threatening shame had fallen, stood, for a second, transfixed by mingled horror and surprise; then Emily, with a piercing cry of anguish, fell kneeling and moaning at my feet.

We raised her and placed her in a chair. In vain I knelt before her, clasping her in my arms, and pouring forth, alternately, protestations of confidence in her innocence to her, and incoherent explanations to the doctor, as to who and what she was—she neither spoke nor moved, nor seemed to hear, until, followed by her father and the servants and an officer, Di came rushing back into the room like an incarnate storm.

"I have searched everywhere!" she exclaimed. "The jewel was left in the room with you—with you, who are known to be poor and with a mother dependent upon you! No one

else came into the room—you were left alone! I accuse you, Emily Graham, of having stolen my property; and if you refuse to restore—or at least confess what you have done with it, I will give you into the custody of the officer as a common thief!"

Then Emily, rising to her feet, turned her eyes upon the man, whom she seemed until that moment not to have observed, and a despairing moan escaped her; she clasped both hands convulsively above her heart, and a hot flush mounted for a minute to her face, dying again as quickly and leaving her ashen pale; then, as the officer, at an imperious sign from Di, advanced and tapped her lightly on the shoulder, she shrank, through her frame, as if a lightning flash had blasted her, and dropped, senseless, at his feet.

Frantic with grief, I sprang to her side, and pushed the man away. "I will never forgive you for this," said I, to Di, "and if she goes to prison, I go too."

But here Uncle Devlin interfered. "There is not sufficient proof to warrant our giving her into custody," said he. "Di, my darling, don't be too hasty—she is your cousin's friend. Take her home, Louise; the poor girl may be innocent after all."

"I would swear it!" cried Doctor Rutherford, earnestly, lifting her gently, as he spoke. "Miss Devlin will certainly regret the rashness with which she has made such a terrible charge!"

I looked at him—coming forward so generously to help the stricken girl—and he seemed to be a hero. He was pale and grave, and he glanced at Di with undisguised displeasure.

Instantly the thought flashed quickly through my mind: "Di has lost something else to-day, besides her smelling-bottle!"

And so, indeed, it proved. A month went by—a month of dangerous sickness for poor Emily, of unrelenting kindness from Rutherford, who had installed himself as her physician, protector and friend.

Night and day he tended her, with a devotion which even her mother's care could scarce surpass; even in her delirium, his voice and touch could soothe her, and when, at last, the poor, crushed Lily was raised from her weary bed of pain, and looking like a broken flower, indeed, reclined in an easy chair among a mass of pillows, he took her white and wasted hand within his own, and kissing it fondly, implored her to become his wife.

"For you are my Guardian Angel," said he, "and I want to secure you for life. But for you I might have married that frivolous girl, for whom I felt an infatuation, but never love. Oh, my pale darling, tell me, could you ever care enough for me to marry me?"

She looked at him with a mournful smile, and feebly shook her head. "It must never be; I am not so ungrateful. I could care enough for you to die for you, dear friend. I do care—too much to marry you."

At that he kissed her hand again, and she, blushing deeply, drew it gently away. He had received his answer.

Which, like a man, and a true lover, he utterly refused to accept, and at last she so far compromised her refusal as to say that if Di's bottle should ever be found, and her innocence clearly proved, she would marry him. That made him downright angry.

"What do I care for the bottle?" said he, "even if it is never found! Do you suppose I should have sought you for my wife if I were not assured of your innocence? Besides, I don't care if you had taken it—one sin couldn't make a bad woman of you, my darling, though it might make you less of an angel perhaps. I should love you and marry you just the same. Oh, Emily, how can you trifle with love like mine?"

He had been walking up and down the room in indignant agitation while he spoke, but stopped suddenly now, at a little distance from her chair. She arose from it, trembling—she was very weak still—and held out her poor, thin arms; then, as he caught and pressed her closely to his breast, she whispered, weeping for very joy: "I'll marry you when you please!"

So the wedding was fixed for a month hence, and I was to be bridesmaid, and I instituted a general examination of my effects to see what I had would "do" for my own room; I sat, and opened the trunk in which my ball room treasures were packed away; I took up the dress—carefully folded, after Di's Birthday Ball, by poor dear Emily's hands, and shook it out of its folds—I noticed that the pocket swung, as if there was a heavy weight in it.

I put in my hand and drew forth my lace handkerchief. There was something more behind. I put in my hand again.

"My ivory tablet!" Still there was something left—I couldn't imagine what;—quickly I plunged my hand to the bottom once more, and felt at the unknown thing—"Good Heaven!"

The cry broke from my lips—I felt myself turning cold; eager for, and yet

dreading, the evidence of sight as well as touch, I dragged the rough, hard object forth, and saw— "Di's smelling bottle!"

Mother undertook to make all the explanations, for I was ashamed to show my face. To think of all that Emily had suffered—and through me, was unendurable! So I wrote her a pitiful little note, saying that though I hoped, in time, she might forgive me, I never could bear to meet her again, and should not be at the wedding. Oh, how humiliated and wretched I did feel. The note had gone, and mother had returned, and I was sitting alone, when a little rustling sound sounded beside me, and turning listlessly to see what it was I was clasped in Emily's arms.

So we were all quite happy at last, and they being married, my dear girl's troubles ended in joy and peace; out of the fiery furnace of affliction into which my careless folly plunged her, she came forth at last white and spotless, wearing her Life's Crown of Honor and Love; and many a time, in her happy home, with husband and children around her, she looks back to the days when her blissfully altered lot, in poverty, and anguish, and despair, she accepted the position of Di's MAID.

I fully believe in predestination, if a man will drink whiskey, went work, he is predestined to be a ragged, and go the devil.

If you find happiness hunting for it, you will find it, as the old woman did the spectacles she had lost, safe on her own nose all the time.

There are two things about the devil which I admire, and which are worthy of imitation, he is always busy and never known to brake an engagement.—[Josh Billings.]

The following are the heights of the different monuments, domes, etc., in the world: St. Antoine column at Rome, 135 feet; principal tower of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, 145; Trajan's column, Rome, 145; Napoleon's column, at Paris, 150; Washington's monument, at Baltimore, 180; the great obelisk, at Thebes, 200; Bank Hill monument, at Boston, 223; Column of Delhi, 262; Trinity Church steeple at New York, 264; the contemplated new dome of the Capitol, 300.

The first year a sheep's front teeth are eight in number, and all of equal size. The second year the two middle shed out, and are replaced by two much larger than the others. The third year two very small teeth appear on either side of the eighth. At the end of the fourth year there are six large teeth. The fifth year all the front teeth are large. The sixth year all begin to show signs of wear.

He looked over all the newspapers on the news-stand, and not finding what he wanted, said to the plump, pretty girl clerk, "I want a Fireside Companion." "What, sir?" she blushed. "I want a Fireside Companion," he repeated. "Oh, yes, sir! I hear you now," and she walked the corner of her apron. "Well—well—do you think I would do?" It turned out happily.

It is reported that Mr. Oliver Darymple, the great Minnesota farmer, intends to cultivate 20,000 acres of wheat this year. He will have 20 steam thrashers in operation with 135 reaping machines. Last year he employed 600 laborers, and this year will increase the number to 700.

The head waiter of a hotel is the man who comes to inquire how you are getting along after you have been served. During the half hour you are waiting for a waiter he is not visible.—[New Orleans Picayune.]

An immense cave, more than a thousand feet deep, with vast chambers and the traditional subterranean river, has been discovered within the corporate limits of San Antonio, Tex.

One of the curious ways to know why a newspaper is called a "sheet." Our honest opinion is because it's something for the editor to lie on.—[Glasgow Times.]

What is the difference between charity and a tailor? The first covers a multitude of sins; the latter a multitude of sinners.

A man whistles for three reasons: To keep his courage up, to annoy some one else, or for want of thought.

MARKETS.

Stanford.	
Rice, shoulders—	60c
Wheat, new, choice—	1.10
Flour, best—	1.25
Butter—	1.50
Eggs—	1.25
White Sugar—	1.10
Yellow Sugar—	1.05
Coffee—	1.25
Tea—	1.50
Spices—	1.25
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